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## WHAT I WOULD BE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY ANNE H. JEROME.

What would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee?  
A wild red rose, or a violet sweet,  
Smiling low to the green at thy feet;  
A soft pink flush on the gray of thy life;  
A fragrance to bear through the storm and strife—  
This would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee!  
For thou art all the world to me.

What would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee?  
A golden star, or a delicate thought,  
With a holy peace on its forehead wrought;  
A star to pierce through the gloom of thy night;  
A thought to beckon thee up to the light—  
This would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee!  
For thou art all the world to me.

What would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee?  
Could I wish my love, in the low and gain,  
To wake thy soul to an exquisite pain?  
Would I be as a cup of bitter rue,  
If the hand I'd grasp'd the single dew?  
Not this I'd be,  
Dear heart, to thee!  
For thou art all the world to me.

What would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee?  
A crimson lily, flaming out from the west,  
As a token sweet, on the sun's low crest;  
Thy "lovely" to write thee nearer the skies,  
Thy "beloved" to sympathize over the seas—  
This would I be,  
Dear heart, to thee!  
For thou art all the world to me.

## Heatherley Grange;

OR, THE  
WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF THE YOUNG TITMIST.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE ESCAPE.

Hugh Hatterick, in common with all men in his own special class of life, and in common with all those of similar temperaments, presumed sometimes upon his position.

He was accustomed not to hear a murmur raised against a word of his uttering; his will, indeed, was law—but in the case of Henry Heatherley he had made somewhat of a mistake.

Sir Digby Heatherley was by no means disliked in the neighborhood. He had resided in or near Trevegar all his life, and his name and that of Lady Heatherley had long been associated with acts of charity, kindness, and generosity.

His son, too, was by no means disliked. At village festivals, at a dance, at a game, he was always foremost; and while many a pair of pretty eyes had looked adoringly after a meeting with him, many a young fisherman recollects a wedding present aptly and pleasantly bestowed—a cheery word given in illness—a helping hand proffered in trouble.

So, when Hugh Hatterick uttered the word "Death" and advanced so threateningly towards him, there were murmurs of dissatisfaction from many.

The wrecker looked severely round. "What mean you?" he cried; "are we to have spies about us when we can destroy them?"

"No, no," cried one of the men, "but there is no proof that Mr. Heatherley is a spy."

"No proof, eh?" asked Hugh Hatterick. "Is not his father, a friend of Prince Charles Edward, afraid to trust him with his secret? Was he not watching us on the night when the French officers landed? Did I not find him but a moment ago seeking the entrance of our cave? What wanted he with us? Let him say."

"You are a foul-mouthed, false-hearted traitor!" cried Henry. "I want nothing from you. I have sought nothing from you. I was not searching for your cave, and should never have thought of you which advised me to seek it. But, now I have entered your place of meeting, I have seen enough to make me certain that some one ought to pay you a visit. However, I demand instant permission to depart."

"Which is refused," said Hatterick. "Since my companions do not seem disposed to put you out of the way, why, we'll ship you across the sea to the plantations. You'll be out of all our ways then, and we shall certainly not have you proving about this place any more."

Just as he spoke, however, there was a noise of voices in the cave which adjoined the larger cavern, and as he turned to see what was the matter, a number of men rushed in.

"The 'Ocean Nymph' is coming," cried one; "she is already signalling, and the coast is clear."

"Good," cried Hatterick, "bear him away to the inner cave, and do you Heatherley, be added, to an ill-looking sailor close at hand, 'do you see that he does not escape. You and a couple more will surely be sufficient to guard him.'"

Henry Heatherley, while Hugh Hatterick was his opponent, had, as he had said, drawn his sword; but when he saw the wreckers circling round him he recognized the absurdity of resisting further.

"Leave me my sword," he cried, "and I will not be longer, but should you attempt to deprive me of that I will die in the defense. Remember, I am making myself one of you," said Henry Heatherley.

"Well," exclaimed Pouncefort, almost angrily, "this is no time for argument. Either you escape now, or you must consent to be shipped off to the Indies. I shan't have another chance. Besides, by betraying us you would be betraying also your father. I might say more; I might remind



"FLY, HUBERT," CRIED HENRY, "FLY FOR YOUR LIFE!"

brave and well-armed man could have defended it against a host.

Here he was left, Pouncefort and two other of the wreckers keeping guard over him.

The time did not pass very quietly. Continually there came upon his ear the sound of barrels rolled along the hard ground; the exclamations of men carrying heavy loads; the loud commanding voice of the wrecker, Hugh Hatterick, sounding above all the din.

For a long time this continued, and then suddenly the whole of the gang congregated in the large cave to eat.

Large glasses of liquor were sent in to the three who guarded Henry Heatherley, and presently the voices of the smugglers were raised in loud and uproarious merriment; wild songs of the sea, fearful glees expressive of pirate life, were shouted forth in loud keys. Hugh Hatterick and his friends were evidently enjoying themselves over the acquisition of some fresh plunder, or the sale of old.

Henry knew this to be in favor of his early escape. Every mouthful of fiery liquor that he swallowed, was so much life and liberty to him.

He watched eagerly the conduct of his guards. Pouncefort drank but sparingly; the other two quaffed the insidious poison as if it had been harmless milk or water.

So went on two hours. Then the noise in the adjoining room began to cease, and the voices died away, and drunkenness and sleep had evidently got the better of the revellers.

The two men who sat by Pouncefort began to roll to and fro, and were gradually dropping into a senseless slumber.

"My time for escape will soon come," thought Henry Heatherley.

The thought had scarcely passed his mind, when a surprise came before him. Pouncefort rose and approached him stealthily.

Henry's hand flew at once to the hilt of his sword.

"Stay," said the man, with a deprecating gesture, "I am a friend."

"Prove it, then, before you approach me," replied Henry.

"I can easily do that," said the man; "but if you are so suspicious that you will not trust me even near you, I cannot, for my words must be heard by no man."

"Come, then, and remember that I am fully prepared against treachery," Pouncefort approached.

"Do you remember," he said, "a young fellow some two years ago whom you saved from the bellying fury of a ruffian on Trevegar Common? I am he! Do you remember accompanying him home, and seeing his sick mother without necessities, and procuring them for her?"

"I remember it now you speak of it," said Henry; "but I do not recognize your face."

The young fellow shook his head. "No," said he, "I don't suppose you do recognize me. I've been battered about by the storm so much that it would be a difficult thing for you to see in me the quiet youth who tried his best against adverse fortune. No matter how it happened, it has happened, and I am a smuggler and a wrecker. However, I am not ungrateful, and I am not going to see you sent away to the plantations—no, not for Hugh Hatterick, or a dozen like him. But if I give you the means of quitting this place, free and unharmed, you must give me your word not to betray us."

"By that means I am making myself one of you," said Henry Heatherley.

"Well," exclaimed Pouncefort, almost angrily, "this is no time for argument. Either you escape now, or you must consent to be shipped off to the Indies. I shan't have another chance. Besides, by betraying us you would be betraying also your father. I might say more; I might remind

you that you would destroy me, your preserver, and one nearer and dearer still. Come, give me your promise, and follow me before my companions wake."

What could Henry do? He had forgotten for the moment that his father was so deeply involved with the wreckers, and now a slight suspicion entered his mind that the one whom he loved so well might also be interested in the matter.

His hands, therefore, were hampered.

"I will promise," he said. "Let us go at once."

"I am delighted," returned Pouncefort. "Come, follow me carefully, for some of these fellows, and Hugh Hatterick especially, will wake on the instant, even from their drunken sleep."

Taking up a small flambeau, which nearly burnt down, waved its flickering flame near the doorway, the wrecker led the way into the larger cave.

There was no time now to contemplate the scene. Had there been, Henry Heatherley might have beheld a strange one. Leaning against barrels, half lying over them, and over bowls of goods, and on the floor, were the forms of the senseless wreckers.

All was still within the cavern, save the loud snoring of the men, and the roll of the sea below its rocky mouth, and the roar of the wind.

Slowly Pouncefort and his companion entered. One glance round sufficed, and then they picked their way between the sleeping men, until, upon arriving at the narrow opening which led up upon the downs, they found that Hugh Hatterick was lying across the opening.

He had so placed himself that there was no possibility of crossing him without waking him.

"See, now," said Pouncefort, in a whisper, "if he sees me with you, he will know I have betrayed the band, and death will be my portion. You must take this torch, and leap over him. I will retire to my place."

So saying, he placed the torch in the hands of Henry Heatherley, and moved back.

Summoning up all his resolution, Henry plunged over the wrecker, but as he did his foot struck him violently in the face.

In an instant Hugh Hatterick sprang up. Full of drink as he was, he comprehended at once the situation.

"Ha!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his belt, "you would escape, would you? Not with life, though, my fine fellow."

He had no time to say more.

With a sudden spring Henry Heatherley dashed towards him, and struck him a violent blow in the face with the blazing torch. With a yell of rage and pain the wrecker sprang backwards, and his pistol exploded in the air.

Henry waited for no more, but feeling his road as best he could in the darkness, he made his way towards the opening of the long passage, and soon reached in safety the open air.

Either the blow had rendered Hugh Hatterick insensible, or he was too inebriated to resent it; but at any rate Henry was quite unharmed on his road home.

It seemed strange to him to think as he passed along through the quiet village, and into his father's grounds, and up into his own chamber—it seemed strange and almost beyond the range of possibility that he should have but just issued forth from a den of desperate and blood-stained robbers!

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Fearing in each secret corner  
That I could my good-by say to-morrow,"  
Romeo and Juliet.

"On the third night—on the terrace—  
at ten," Captain Hubert Rivacone had contrived to say, without being overheard by Sir George Heathcote, when he so inopportunely met them at the ruins of Trevelock Castle.

Eagerly did both look forward to this moment, which was to be one of mingled pain and pleasure, a moment when vows would truly be renewed, and yet when the terrible agony of parting would have to be endured.

During the intervening time they had seen nothing of one another. Sir George Heathcote, while not permitting his brother-in-law, Sir Digby, to observe anything peculiar in his manner, had succeeded in keeping the lovers from having any communication with one another.

He had done this, as he fondly imagined, entirely by his own cleverness and discretion; in this, however, he was signally wrong, for by a tacit understanding neither Alice nor Hubert desired to risk the success of their last long-desired meeting which was to bridge over the past and the future.

At length the evening came. A balmy, exquisite one it was, considering that the winter was fairly in his prime, and old Christmas was approaching, and the naked branches of the trees showed how summer had long since stalked away from the land.

The sky was beautifully clear, and over the still ocean hung the myriad lamps of Heaven in calm and brilliant majesty. There was scarcely a breeze stirring, and the leaves of the evergreens which shaded the terrace were perfectly motionless.

In one way there could not have been a better, and in another way there could not have been a worse night for the meeting of the lovers. It gave them a pleasant and a calm time for their love-making, but it also gave them a chance of discovery.

However, neither thought of this. All their dream was of one another, and at the appointed hour the French windows were opened gently, and Alice Heatherley stepped forth. Instantly the tall form of Hubert Rivacone sprang up from the shadows, and was beside her.

"Dearest Alice," he cried, as he passed his arm round her waist and kissed her fondly, "you are to your time exactly, yet I have promised to be your wife. We have but a short time to be together; may I once more urge my suit?"

"Your suit has been granted long since, dear Hubert," said the young girl, as her head nestled confidently on his shoulder. "I have promised to be your wife."

"I know it," cried Hubert, "I know it, Alice. But you cannot have forgotten the greater favor I asked you. We are here alone—unwatched. Fly with me to-night; once in France you can become my wife, and your father will be glad to forgive us."

Alice was all in a tremble now. She would gladly have consented at once, but she feared the worst consequences—she feared that they might even now be watched, and that by some untoward accident they might be separated forever.

"Oh, Hubert," she cried, "do not ask me this. Trust in my love. I swear I will never deceive you—I will be ever true and faithful to you! But think now, if we are watched, what would be the result of flight?"

"But we are not watched, dear Alice," cried Hubert.

"We know not, dear one. Fancy, now, if my father stopped me on the beach—fancy if, after a desperate struggle, I was taken from you? What would be his feelings? What would be his actions? Do you suppose we should ever meet again? No, Hubert, never!"

The young captain pressed her more closely to his heart. "Oh! do not plead thus against my soul's dearest wish, Alice," he said. "Think how fortune may wait for you. Remember that a soldier must pursue the path of duty, no matter whether it may lead him. Think how long it may be before I can return to England; and think how my sword would win its way to glory, were I to leave you behind me in my own

bright land, a soldier's loving, trusting wife, praying for her husband's safety. Oh! think, Alice, what sorrows, what troubles, what agonies we may both have to endure if you remain behind with those whose sole aim in life seems to be to separate us!"

Thus he pleaded on, until the young girl's resolution began to falter.

"Oh, if I consent Hubert, will it not be wrong—be cruel to my father?" she murmured.

As she spoke the "if," that told that she was yielding to her lover's entreaties, something moved near them—so slowly, glidingly, noiselessly, that it seemed truly as if one of the shadows of the evergreens had detached itself, and was moving away through the grounds.

The lovers did not observe it. Clapped in each other's arms, they awaited the signal which was to bid them hurry down to the beach.

From the high terrace they could command a fine view of the cliffs and the ocean beyond, and upon this night the red light on the smuggling craft would be readily distinguished.

Presently Hubert started. "See," he cried, "there is the light. See how its red beams quiver on the rippling waves. Let us hasten, Alice—hasten to freedom and to love. Ah! what is that? Some one approaches—we are discovered!"

Discovered or not, they had only time to reach the French windows when a man rushed up the steps leading down into the grounds. It was Henry Heatherley.

"Fly! Hubert," he cried, breathlessly. "Fly for your life!"

"Oh! what mean you, Henry?" exclaimed Alice, as she clung to her lover. "What danger threatens him?"

"There is no moment to spare," said Henry. "You are betrayed. Yonder along the road come a body of soldiers, headed by Sir George Heathcote. They are in search of you as a friend and spy of the Young Pretender. Fly, if you would not lose forever the treasure you must prize!"

"But Alice—Alice—what of her?" exclaimed Hubert, distractedly.

"She must remain behind. You cannot take her with you. You imperil her safety and your own by remaining another moment."

"Oh, Alice?" said Hubert, in choking accents, "am I then to lose you, just as I had won your consent? Oh! dearest girl, I go, but to return. Farewell, since it must be so. Be constant, and not all the armies of England shall keep you from me."

"Be saying, he strained her once more to his breast, and turned towards the steps.

"Yonder is your road," cried Henry; "there by the briars—you know it. Go quickly, by yourself, and embark at once. If you do so in safety, show a green light."

"And you?"

"I remain here to save you, and protect my father."

The young captain then once more waved his hand to Alice—and sped away across the grounds.

When Sir George Heathcote and his men arrived in the gardens, they saw the tall figure of a young man standing on the terrace, and a girl leaning, evidently in deep sorrow, on his shoulder.

"We have the traitor now!" cried Sir George Heathcote, passionately. "Seize him, my men!"

The soldiers at once advanced up the terrace, and Sir George placed his hand upon the shoulders of the young man.

"Captain Rivacone, I arrest you in the name of His Majesty, George the Second!" he said.

Henry turned his face full upon him. "You have made a mistake, uncle," he said. "Captain Rivacone is not here."

Sir George staggered back in amazement.

"You here, Henry?" cried he. "Why, where is the captain?"

At this moment, the red light upon the poop of the smuggling vessel was extinguished, and in another instant a bright green light shone over the scene.

"See!" cried Henry, contemptuously; "see yonder green light, which gleams so radiantly over the sea!"

"Yes, yes! But what of that?"

"That light," said Henry Heatherley, "shows that Captain Rivacone has escaped."

"I do not believe it," exclaimed Sir George. "I shall search this house."

Henry seized his uncle's arm, and gripped it firmly.

"Have a care, uncle," he said. "The only one whom your suspicions will harm here is my father."

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE ADVANCE OF THE WRECK.

Meanwhile we will ask our readers to accompany us on board the brigantine, whose green light had beckoned to Alice and Henry the safety of the young French captain.

Hugh Hatterick, early in the evening, had kept watch of the mouth of the cove until he saw the white sails of the brigantine appearing in the breeze. Then he called four of his men, and they rowed out towards it.

This was not according to the preconcerted plan, which was simply that he should be under the cliffs, and be in readiness to row Hubert Rivacone out from the quiet bay.

Hugh Hatterick's mind, however, was always at work.

Since the night when Henry had dashed the blazing torch in his face, and sent him reeling back among his drunken comrades, he had thought of nothing but revenge, and if he for a moment forgot it, the pain of his wound, the hideous scar which now marked his forehead, would have reminded him of it.

To allow Captain Hubert Rivacone to escape England only to return to it, was simply to ruin his own plans.

He knew well that the French captain loved and was beloved by Alice Heatherley. His object, therefore, was to separate them, in order to aid Sir Digby in his project of marriage between Henry and his own daughter.

On reaching the brigantine, therefore, he clambered eagerly up its side, and asked for Steinmetz, a German sailor, whom he knew well as being mixed up greatly in their smuggling transactions.

The German, a short, fat, peevish specimen of his race, was soon brought on deck.

"Ah! main friend, Hatterick, and do you well to-night?" he said, offering his broad, grizzly-looking hand.

"Not over well," said Hugh, grasping the proffered palm, "not over well. But I tell you what, you can assist me in getting better."

"Ah! I see," he said, laughing; "you want some brandy."

"That's not it," replied Hugh Hatterick. "What I want to speak to you about is private—it relates to the French captain you are assisting."

"Ah! he is a good man—a fine fellow—great friend of the French king."

"Yes, yes, I know all that; but he is an enemy of mine, nevertheless."

"An enemy of yours! and how so?"

"Simply because he stands in the way of my accomplishment of an object which is dearest and nearest to my heart. He must be kept from setting foot again on England."

The German glanced at Hugh Hatterick doubtfully.

"I couldn't knife him," he said; "he's a good fellow."

"No, no, I don't mean that. You can keep him from returning far more easily. Give these letters to his commander. They state that Captain Rivacone is unfit for his work; that he acts so as to excite suspicion, and so on. If those reach safely the hands of his officer, he will be sent abroad on foreign service."

"Good!" he said, "they shall be delivered," said the German; "but see, I must go now, the captain is observing us."

Another person had also been observing them during this conversation, and this was Dick Langham, one of Hugh Hatterick's gang, who was going over to France in charge of the smuggling goods which the brigantine was filled with.

As soon as the German had gone away, he crept up to the side of Hugh Hatterick as he was preparing to leave the ship. "That fellow will betray you," he said; "pay me well and I'll warrant that the young French gallant never returns to trouble any one."

The look in the man's face was enough to convince Hugh Hatterick that he was in terrible earnest.

"Here are ten golden guineas," said the wrecker; "when you return with proof that the deed is done you shall have twenty more."

"Good," said the man, pocketing the money; "you need have no fear now of Captain Rivacone."

It was with such friends on board that Captain Hubert sailed from England, when both Henry Heatherley and Alice imagined his fortunes would follow Hugh Hatterick once more on shore, and see what a network was weaving round his desperate life.

As soon as the green light shone out over the waters, Hugh Hatterick turned his boat's head towards shore, and bade his men row quickly towards the Dead Man's Cove. He jumped ashore, however, somewhat nearer the harbor, and they dispersed themselves by his direction through the town to collect all their mates.

"I'll go on to the cove," he said, "and wait. I've got something most important to say to you all this night."

Hugh Hatterick, having given his warning to his friends, moved away towards the Dead Man's Cove.

He had not proceeded far when the same creeping, crawling being which had followed him upon a former occasion, could be seen sliding along by the side of the path and















"Ah! Here is my daughter, Beatrice Vincini. I suppose you have forgotten Colonel Elton! She was but a spritely widow you last saw her, *Carissima!*" And her deep, passionate eyes burned lovingly as she presented the beautiful innocent girl at her side.

Lady Creighton moved away, doubtfully hoping to avoid further conversation with a man she had just escaped.

but that time I learned without her help

68 A gentleman who got home a night two since in an elevated condition, tried persuade his wife that his desultory gait was owing to the fact of his being dressed diagonal clothes.











